

# Canibus Lyrics

## "This Ain't The Movies"

I got human growth hormone bones  
You better leave me alone  
Badass M.A.N.P.A.D.S and drones  
I follow slow, their footprints in the snow  
They pigeon toed, they cooking with peanut oil  
They gotta be close  
I track the geese, take flight move east  
Team real, tree fleece  
They match rims on the pickup chief  
I'm that p3 orion, dragon Judah standing next to the lion  
With angels beside him and god behind em  
The son of perdition wants to kidnap all of the women  
And make slaves outta all of the children  
Shinola hit the fan, the pine sol soils ya pants  
You were warned - but you still in a trance  
Brand new Lamborghini vans parked outside the Fema camps  
Can't nobody change they plans?  
You sat down in the chair and you crossed your legs  
The next time you do that you'll be wearing depends  
They took your picture up close - with a telescopic lens  
They wrote a report that said you got terrorist friends  
They all lies and more got damn lies  
She got bedroom eyes, carmelized apples beef patty thighs  
It ain't the brown mans fault - that the second vicil war jumped off  
Who's his boss? Implicate the source  
They got battle cruisers bigger than Cuba  
With internet 2 computers, the front man is just one of they stooges  
They control the information, they abuse it  
Noone could disprove it, resistance means your already recruited, stupid  
Identify threat within and external  
EMP blast stop the war wagon when it circle  
The keys the nuclear closet is in his upper jacker pocket  
Locked him up with a Nuwabian prophet  
The N D double A was the process  
But they been doing this brown people since posse commiatus  
Poverty migration, depopulation violations, genocide of nation  
Through the god they put faith in  
Our thoughts and spiritual energy force is wasted  
Rebirth is eliminated, we are rehypothocated  
World domination predidacted by human lab rats  
And dead cats that got ate by economic Mad Max  
Platinum before I knew what platnium was  
Got plaques, ried to exchange it for cash and got laughed at  
Not funny, still don't nothing move but the money  
If the dollar is devalued - you just another dummy  
Derivative bubbles, quasi illegitimate puzzles  
They chuckle in they bungalow till it crubmle

If you were me, then I would be humble  
Seek out those who love you  
Seek the lord for you know he loves you  
Avoid digital voo doo and these black swan gurus  
Yeah, it's the end of the world and business as usual  
Americans ain't stupid, they're just distracted  
The good life was good for as long as it lasted  
Primary audio circuit, fait accompli emergency service  
Pay me up front for the verses  
Any currency is good as long as it can be converted  
As long as I can use it for my food item purchase  
Or any emergency purpose, religious workers travel by permit  
Mega bus merchants public transportation mergers  
Good bad and ugly, all wanna grab your money  
Brass monkey - uncle Sam be grumpy  
He make sounds like star wars Chewy  
But this ain't the movies  
Trust me - this ain't the movies  
Shell cases make beats when they touch the concrete  
You might hang from a tree if you don't got a strong fleet  
Of course we gon remember you, look what you did  
You threw America in a trash can with no lod  
Forgive and forget, woah not so fast just yet  
Rodney Dangerfield just wanted respect, from the powers